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PROJECT.

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A POEM.

DEDICATED TO

DEAN TUCKER.

*Verum, ubi, tempestas, et cæli mobilis humor
Mutavere vias, et Jupiter uvidus Austris
Densat erant que rara modo, et que densa, relaxat
Vertuntur species animorum;—*

[VIRGIL]

THE FOURTH EDITION,

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, ADELPHI, in the STRAND,

M DCC LXXVIII.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

DEPARTMENT OF

RELIGIOUS

OF THE

UNITED STATES



DEDICATION.

REVEREND SIR,

I SHOULD not take the liberty to recommend a mere *Poem* to your attention, were it not, in some degree, *sanctified* by the subject of which it treats; and more particularly entitled to your regard from the great purpose it is designed to promote—For *the Project* relates to *Politics*; that weighty science, which, according to your candid confession, is at least of equal importance with Religion—And the object it aims at, is the same with regard to *all* our political disputes, as your avowedly is upon the *one* great contest of the present times—To cut off the distempered *bough*, was *your Project*; *mine* strikes at the very *root* of all opposition.

It was in consequence of an attentive perusal of your *Tracts*, that I set myself to search for this *grand Arcanum*.-----After ranging in vain through Grotius, Burlamaqui, and Puffendorf, I read thirteen books of Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, without making the least discovery---But at length the fourteenth book rewarded all my toils---I need not refresh your memory with the particulars of his system upon the relation between climate and national character---It would, however, be great presumption to arrogate to myself the merit of a discovery, which I owe entirely to the great Montesquieu---It is from that profound Philosopher that I have learnt to account for all the variations of temper, by the operation of the atmosphere upon the *fibres*, and thence on the *action*, and *re-action* of the heart.

By

D E D I C A T I O N .

By him I have been taught, that the different proportions of *heat* or *cold* produce similar degrees of cowardice or courage---so that it solely depends upon the *latitude*, whether a nation is relaxed into Turkish slavery, and braced or hardened to English freedom---Upon this foundation my Project is raised---which I submit to your wisdom and candour---but, as most Projectors are of a sanguine temper, and, as I own, I entertain no doubt of the full success of my Project, I cannot conclude, without protesting against that *Nolo Episcopari* which accompanied *yours*---Nothing can be more opposite to my sentiments than your total abjuration of all possible reward for your political labours---On the contrary, I hereby most solemnly engage to receive, with great readiness, any and every honourable recompence that these my researches may lead the King, Lords, and Commons, in the depth of their wisdom to bestow on me.

In all other political tenets, believe me,

Reverend Sir,

Your most devoted Disciple,

The A U T H O R.

THE
PROJECT.

SINCE sage philosophers aver,
That *climate* forms the *character*;
And prove each nation, tame, or bold,
Just as its air is hot or cold;
What schemes might crafty statesmen lay,
If such a system they'd obey?

Suppose the Turks, who now agree
It wou'd *fatigue* them to be free,
Should build an ice-house, to debate
More *cooly* on affairs of state,
Might not some Mussulmen be brought,
To brace their minds, not shrink at thought?

B

How,

How, as their blood began to cool,

Would nature scorn despotic rule ?

The filken sons of slavish ease,

15

Wou'd glow for freedom, while they *freeze* ;

And, in porportion to the coldness,

Discover latent fire and boldness.

For thus 'tis Montesquieu explains

The power of air upon the veins ;

20

The short'ning fibres brac'd by cold,

The blood flies back, the heart grows bold,

Relax'd by heat, their force declines,

The spirits droop, the being pines :

'Till, quite o'erpow'r'd, the sick'ning soul,

25

Yields to the atmosphere's controul.

Thus air each impulse can impart,

To that *thermometer*, the heart.

Thanks, mighty Jove, thy sovereign care,

Environs us with Northern air !

30

Our atmosphere to honour leads,

Inspires the breast to hardy deeds ;

The

The heart beats quick ;---the spirits rise ;

All which our *latitude* supplies,

Yet, for extremes ev'n virtue mar, 35

We sometimes carry ours too far :

When winter winds too chilly pierce,

We grow impatient, wild and fierce ;

While every softer virtue flies,

To gentler climes, and milder skies, 40

To moderate this bold extreme,

Is oft the philosophic theme ;

Sense, wit, and policy combine ;

But still too learnedly refine.

The system's plain if well pursued ; 45

We must correct our *latitude*.

How many *Questions* have been lost,

By the house meeting in a *frost* ?

The opposition flock together,

Like strings of wild geese, in hard weather ; 50

Keen, as the blast that chills their blood,

They nip each ministerial bud :

The

The tender bloom of *ways and means*,
 That *North* with wit and wisdom screens,
 Too oft their adverse influence feels, 55
Shrinks from the storm, and half congeals;
 That, ev'n in all his blushing grace,
Rigby scarce thaws them, with--his face.

Whence then, in spite of sense and reason,
 Do statesmen choose *this* adverse season? 60
 Why not the parliament adjourn,
 'Till summer's *genial suns* return?
 But ah, what honest squire would stay
 To make his *speech*, instead of *hay*?
 The *Beaux* wou'd scarcely think of law, 65
 To give up *Scarborough* or *Spa*:
 And say ye *sportsmen*, wou'd a member
 Attend *St. Stephen's* in September?

Winter, stern pow'r! must still create
 The kindred storms of mad debate; 70
 Still, by the climate's magic pow'r,
 Must gloomy statesmen droop and low'r,
 Unless

Unless some *Project* we can frame
To smoothe its rage, its rigour tame.

A simple plan the muse explains; 75
Nor asks a patent for her pains.

In either house, below the chairs,
Where *Bathurst* rules, and *Norton*-glares,
There stands a table, where they place
The votes the journals, and the mace: 80

"Hence with that bauble!" *Cromwell* cried;

And wisely too; 'tis useless pride;

Hence with it all! it fills a place

A nobler ornament shall grace.

Here with capacious bulk, profound 85

As *Falstaff's* paunch, as *Plymouth's* round,

A vast *Buzaglio*, day by day,

Shall chase the noxious blasts away,

And spread an artificial glow,

Tho' Palace-yard is wrapt in snow. 90

Around the flame, with vestal pride,

A *Fire-Committee* shall preside,

Ballotted by the same directions
 As *Grenville's* lottery for elections ;
 With *Nominees*, to feed the fire, 95
 And make it spread, and blaze the higher ;
 And *Chairmen* more sedately sage,
 To quench its too excessive rage.

The fuel for such deep designs,
 Nor springs from groves, nor lurks in mines ; 100
 Combustibles for state affairs.

The press more speedily prepares ;
 The teeming press shall hither scatter
 Rheams of inflammatory matter ;
 Here, "thoughts that glow and words that burn" 105
 To their own element shall turn ;
 But, shifted from their author's aims,
 Shall spread more salutary flames.

Almon, by contract shall provide
 The libels *vamp'd* for either side, 110
 And stipulate throughout the season
 To furnish proper stock of treason.

How bright will the *Buzaglo* glow,
 While heaps of *Junius* blaze below ?
 What ardours wil *Plain truth* dispense,
 Fir'd with a page of *Common sense* ?
 Yet in a moment 'twill be slack'd,
 By thrusting in *Dean Tucker's tract* ;
 Again 'twill kindle in a trice,
 Refresh'd with scraps of *Dr. Price* ;
 Now smoulder slow with clumsy smoak,
 While *Johnson's* fogs each passage choak ;
 Now hiss, and sputter, and besmear
 The house with brimstone of *Shebbeare*.
 O flattering hope, whose gilded ray,
 Too oft bids raptur'd fancy stray !
 Thy shadowy forms the muse deceive,
 Or time shall bid her *Project* live.
 Already, by thy fond presage,
 Her blest *Buzaglo* melts the age ;
 Relenting Party feels its sway ;
 And Faction's vapours die away.

Behold

Behold the busy hour approaches,
 When chariots, vis-a-vis, and coache
 Rattle with senators each street in, 135
 Impatient for the first days meeting :
 Mark well what looks ! what anxious hopes !
 Some con their metaphors and tropes ;
 Some, more secure, for fear of flaw,
 Hide them beneath their *chapeaux bras* ; 140
 Whence, if the treacherous memory halts,
 The glancing eye repairs its faults.

But, lo ! the royal cavalcade !
 The trumpet sounds ; the signal's made ;
 The Tower-guns tell the *speech* begun ; 145
 They fire again ; --- the *speech* is done.
 Now let the full *Buzaglio* glow !
 Spread wide the flame above, below ;
 Now, *Montesquieu*, thy wisdom shines ;
 Thy system's true, 'tis heat refines : 150
 Its genial influence all adore ;
 And opposition is no more.

From

From bench to bench, in spite of gout, had still
The soften'd *Chatham* moves about; admit she yet

" My good *Lord Sandwich*, how d'ye do? she said

" I like the speech; 'twas penn'd by you, my Lord

" America has gone too far; what wonder then that she

" We must support so just a war: no civil war

" Its better than to put a curb on any more

" The Spaniard, or the House of Bourbon, my Lord

" Good day, my Lord! I could say more; she said

" But I must talk to dear *Lord Gower*; she said

Chac'd is the cloud from *Shelburne's* brow;

How graciously to *Bute* he bows!

See *Camden* sitting as a friend by *Rockingham*;

Mansfield! see *Richmond* close to *Dent*;

Ev'n solid *Devonshire* relents;

He smiles and votes with the *Contents*;

While *Abingdon*, at *Markham's* nod,

Kisses the magisterial rod.

Their leaders gone, it follows duly

The plastic minds of *Cork* and *Beaulieu*;

With half a score of silent votes,
 Obey the times, and change their notes.
 And ah, if *Fitzroy's* whim requires,
 Ev'n *Hincbliff's* eloquence expires!
 What wonder then their Lordship's press,
 Without division, the *Address*?

Now haste my muse, at Fancy's summons,
 To try thy Project on the *Commons*.
 A secret sympathy espouses
 The upper and the lower houses;
 Thus half thy work's already done;
 Where *Chatham* hobbles, *Granby* 'll run.
 If *Rockingham* became a *Turk*,
 How *Mahomet* wou'd shine on *Burke*?
 He'd send him his enlight'ning pidgeon:
 For party zeal is *Burke's* religion.

But some there are of firmer frame;
 For them must the *Buxaglo* flame:
Grenville's with stubborn sense endued;
Seville but lives for public good.

Yet

Yet if ambition, or the weather
 Some gloomy discontent should gather,
 The temper'd air shall chase offence;
 And blend good humour with good sense.
 Behold at length ev'n *Barre* soften!

"I rise to oppose," He murmur'd often:
 But finding that, he knows not how,
 Reluctant praise his words allow,

The hardy veteran sits him down;
 Yet gives the *Treasury Bench* a frown.
 Now mark the *Statesmen* of the *City*!

Hark, *Wilkes* grows civil! *Hayley* witty!
Sawbridge, so chang'd the scene appears,
 Consents to keep *his* seat seven years;

Ev'n *Bull*, the savage *Bull*, looks tame!
 And melts before the conqu'ring flame.

Not so the *Lustrell's*; in despair
 The clamorous band besiege the chair.
 "I burn, I burn," old *Irnham* cries:

The *Colonel* thinks the *Project* wise;

But

But *Jack* and *Jemmy* jointly pledge
 Themselves, 'tis breach of privilege;
 And *Temple*, *Greece* and *Rome* can hawk in,
 Against this barbarous stop to talking:
 In vain; the House enjoy th' effect
 And the *Buzaglo* all protect.
 But *Fox*, more warily, to gain
 His dear delight to rail again,
 Most humbly moves, since they approve
 This potent wonder-working stove,
 Lest some unseen mischance ensue,
 They'd have a *Ventilator* too.
 Tho' plausible his *Project* fails;
 Thine, happy *Muse*, alone prevails.
 The vanquish'd *Charles* to *Almack's* fled,
 The *Speech* is prais'd: the *Address* is read:
 The *Question* carried nemine con:
 The *House* is up: the business done.